

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING,

AN ECLOGUE.

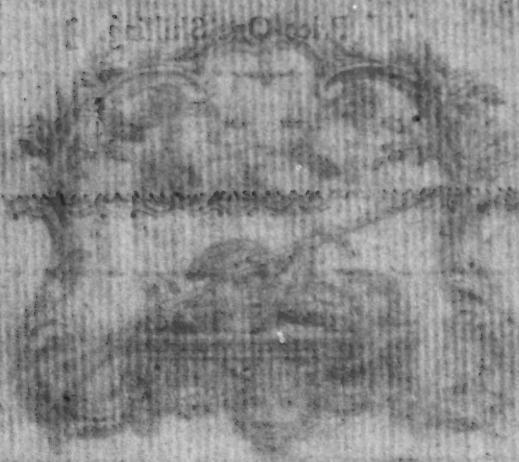
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PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING,
AN ECLOGUE.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES YORK E.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

Ωραιὸν Ἀδωνις

Καὶ ψευκὸς βαλλὼν, καὶ θύρα τ' ἄλλα δῶκεν.

Theoc. Id. i. 109.



LONDON,

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXVII.

PARTIDGE-SHOOTING

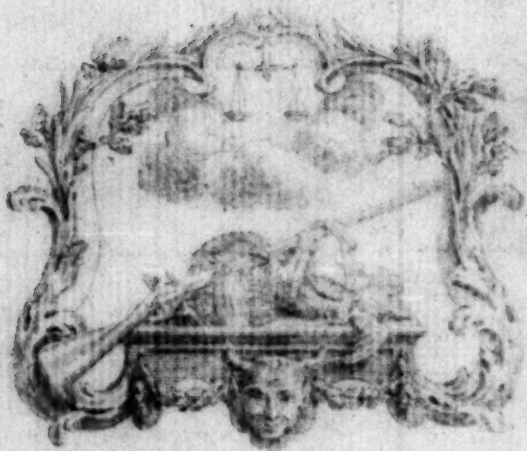
AN ECLOGUE

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES YORK

BY FRANCIS LAWRENCE, M.A.

London, 1811.



Printed for J. D. Potter, Pall-mall.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may seem necessary to make an apology for inscribing this Trifle to a person so eminently distinguished as Mr. YORKE; the true reason will always be the best; That Gentleman first supplied the Author with the hint of writing an Eclogue on this new subject for Poetry; and therefore the following piece naturally seeks for shelter under the protection of his Name.

ORFINGTON, May 12, 1767.

FROM ETNA'S mountains, and Sicilian plains,
The groves of Elysium, and Arcadian swains,
My sportive Muse, on rural pleasures bent,
Now roves inquesters in the fields of Kent.

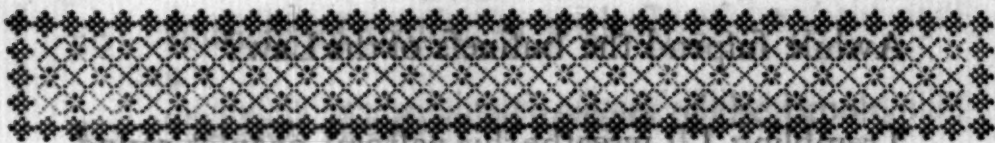
Ver. 1766. After the first edition a Translation of the Idyllium of
Theocritus, and of the Eclogue of Virgil, was added.

Will

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may seem necessary to make an apology for inserting this Trifle to a person so eminently distinguished as Mr. Yocum; the true reason will always be the best. That Gentleman hath supplied the Author with the hint of writing an Epilogue on this new subject for Poetry; and therefore the following piece naturally looks for shelter under the protection of his Name.

October, May 20 1770



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING,

A NECLOGUE.



FROM ÆTNA'S mountains, and SICILIAN plains,
 The groves of PINDUS, and ARCADIAN swains,

My sportive Muse, on rural pleasures bent,
 Now roves sequester'd in the fields of KENT.

Ver. 1. The Author had just finished a Translation of the Idylliums of
 THEOCRITUS.

Will

5 Will YORKE a moment from the Bar withdraw,
 Awhile suspend the business of the Law?
 Trembling I'll wreath this pastoral chaplet round
 Thy brows, already with the laurel crown'd;
 For thou hast shown, inspir'd by warmth divine,
 10 That THEMIS is a sister of the Nine.
 Hear then, while I adventurous explore
 A path by poets never trod before.

ON the stream's margin let the Fisher stand,
 The taper angle trembling in his hand,
 15 His cool amusement soberly pursue,
 And soak his footsteps in unwholesome dew;
 I envy not the purchase of his pains,
 The cold he catches, or the fish he gains.

What pangs it gives the soft impassion'd heart,
 20 With fly of nature, or with fly of art,
 To cheat the dappled tenants of the brook,
 And tear their stomachs with the torturing hook!
 More cruel still, uncertain prize to gain,
 To rack the worm with agonizing pain!
 25 Me no such harsh, tormenting pastimes please;
 To pale-ey'd Fishers I relinquish these.

LET the mad Hunter, with his hounds and horn,
 Rage o'er the plains, and fright the blushing Morn,
 Thro' woods, bogs, hedges the hare's windings trace,
 30 And triumph in the glories of the chase:
 Or, with his stancher hounds of mottled hue,
 The fox, fly felon of the night, pursue

O'er the steep hill, broad stream, or lengthen'd down,

Risk his steed's neck, and dislocate his own :

35 His hair-breadth 'scapes, his desperate delights,

His clamorous days, his bacchanalian nights,

I envy not : me no such tumults please ;

To hardy Hunters I relinquish these.

But come, thou peaceful Pointer, meek and bland

40 Obsequious to my eye, my voice, my hand ;

Together let us beat these gameful fields,

Try what the open, what the covert yields ;

The standing corn, the seedy clover shun,

And vindicate the honour of the Gun.

45 WHEN now the temperate sun shines mildly clear,

' And LIBRA weighs in equal scales the year' ;

Of CERES' boon the yellow fields are thorn,
 And every barn is stor'd with Autumn's corn :
 Let the keen sportsman, rising with the dawn,
 50 Fear not to dash the dew-drops on the lawn,
 But not unsocial ; let the cheerful friend,
 Alike equipt, the sylvan sport attend,
 Experienc'd well to take unerring aim,
 Retrieve lost birds, or mark the scatter'd game ;
 55 Yet who enlivening converse can support,
 And cheer with chat the intervals of sport.
 See, how with joy elate the pointers bound,
 And course the plain in many a festive round !
 Conscious of game, before their lord they play,
 60 And wanton in the beauty of the day.

Vain is the sportsman's toil to hunt the meads,

When now the covey in the stubble feeds:

Try then the fields bespangled all with dew,

Where late the wheat, or bearded barley grew:

65 The busy dogs, inquisitive around,

Sagacious quarter every inch of ground,

Fleet o'er the furrows the soft breeze inhale,

And raptur'd own the partridge-fainted gale;

But when warm scents assure the covey near,

70 They hunt with caution, and they point with fear.

Lo! faithful PHYLLIS on the rising lands,

Creeps wary, step by step, and cowers, and stands!

True to their guide, the stanch observant train

Stop short, and fix like statues on the plain:

Can

- 75 Can RYSBRACK'S art, or WILTON'S soft address,
 Such keen, attentive attitude expresses?
 One leg held up, with stiff-erected tails,
 They snuff the vapour, and enjoy the gales.
 Sportsmen, walk up—with caution spring the game---
 80 Fluttering they rise—now take your certain aim
 Calm and compos'd ; let each man single one,
 Nor maim the covey with the scattering gun ;
 And lo ! a brace falls headlong to the ground ;
 Shot dead, they heard not the gun's thundering sound.
 85 To seize the game the ready pointers stand,
 Then pleas'd resign it to the master's hand :
 Couch'd on the ground, by discipline subdued,
 They wait with patience for the charge renew'd.

LET not the Belles, too delicate, report
 90 False of the gun, and term it cruel sport:
 The rising partridge, as in air he wheels,
 Receives the death-wound, which he never feels:
 But tender CYNTHIA, with the sweetest breath,
 Bids RUFO whip her sucking pigs to death;
 95 Trusts twelve dear linnets to a careless page,
 Who starves the lovely songsters in the cage;
 Or, more amazing, the good-natur'd Fair
 Lets DAMON die in absolute despair.

AWAY, my dogs! the covey still pursue,
 100 To the close covert of the copse they flew,
 There we retrieve, and spring them one by one,
 Sweet transport to the lovers of the gun!

Lol

Lo! trusty DON, suspicious of the copse,

Tries every track---and now assur'd he stops---

105 True to their guide, the stanch observant train

Stop short, and stand like statues on the plain.

Now let the vigorous sons of sport divide,

And close besiege the copse on every side:

Upsprings the bird, the shot far swifter flies,

110 Arrests him in his course, he falls, he dies;

Upsprings his mate---one fatal corn of lead,

True to its aim, has pierc'd his tender head;

See, how he wheels, he tow'rs, and mounts on high!

Then leaves his life aloft, down-tumbling from
the sky.

115 Again we charge, and new excursions make;

We search the furze, the stubble, and the brake,

The

The thistly pastures, and the grassy plains,
 And birds abundant recompense our pains;
 The shot glanc'd sudden intercepts their flight;
 120 Our nets grow heavy, and our shot-bags light.
 If fresh and active still, our beat we change,
 And seek the woodland wilds where pheasants range:
 Th' attendants set our coupled spaniels free,
 Eager alike, for game and liberty.
 125 See! how transported o'er the fields they spread;
 Some force the copse, and some the thicket thread:

Ver. 122. The pheasant is a native of the country about PHASIS, a river of COLCHIS, which rises on mount CAUCASUS, and in its course forms a small island, called also PHASIS; whence Pheasants, according to ISIDORUS, were first brought into EUROPE, and thence by the GRECIANS called Φασιανοί. COLCHIS is the MINGRELIA of the moderns, and lays upon the EUXINE or BLACK-SEA.

With

With nostrils curl'd, they wag the pliant tail;

Their merry notes avow the recent trail.

But lo! at hand a field of fable hue,

130 Where stalky beans thick rang'd in order grew;

The spaniels thither push in haste away;

For there the pheasant ever loves to stray.

Hark! hark! they quest: we briskly mend our pace,

Left the keen dogs too distant start the chase.

135 Fix'd in attention now our joy runs high,

And Expectation sharpens every eye,

Till bright in varied plumes, on whirring wings,

From his rough haunt the gay cock-pheasant springs;

Chuckling he mounts, he tow'rs, with pride elate,

140 But feels, alas! the fiery wound of fate.

C

Ah!

' Ah ! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
 ' His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 ' The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 ' His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?"

145 Yet shall these varying dyes of spangled sheen,
 These plumes distinct with gold and vivid green,
 Form'd to a muff, on LAURA's lovely arm,
 In flame our bosoms, while her hands they warm.

ENOUGH ! enough ! no longer we pursue

150 The scatter'd covey in the tainted dew.
 No more we charge, nor new excursions make,
 Nor beat the copse, the bean-field, nor the brake.
 O pleasing sport ! far better priz'd than wealth !
 Thou spring of spirits, and thou source of health,

Ver. 141. These inimitable lines are by Mr. POPE. See WINDSOR FOREST.

Thou

155 Thou giv'st, when thus our leisure we employ,

To life the relish, and the zest to joy.

O may I still, on rural pleasures bent,

Rove devious in sequester'd fields of KENT;

Ease, study, exercise successive blend,

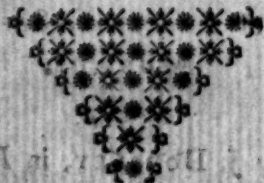
160 Nor want the blessing of a cheerful friend!

FORBEAR, my dogs! now mid-day heats prevail,

The scent grows languid in the sultry gale;

Herds seek the shades where cooling fountains well,

And sweet the music of yon noon-tide bell.



Thou giv'st, when thus our leisure we employ,

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To the Muses, and the rest to Joy.

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The Life of THEOCRITUS,

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A Short Account of the Bucolic Measure, by J. JORTIN, D.D.

The whole dedicated to the Hon. CHARLES YORKE.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

Author of a Translation of ANACREON, SAPPHO, BION, MOSCHUS, and
MURÆUS.

Sold by J. DODDING, in Pall-Mall.